Janola Star

will be not in the Pones of my one to command success, but we will do more we will become it."

Editor and Proprietor.

Numan 21.

PANOLA, MISS., JUNE 17.

AOB WOLK are necessarily to Fand to Fancy Cards, dans with Seatness sand on reasonable terms.

All communications must be added to M. S. Wand, Req., Panula,

The Law of Mewapapers,

Scheellers who do not give express to the contrary, are considered as ing to continue their subscription. If subscribers order the discontinu-

ing to continue or per the discontinue of their newspapers, the publisher continue to send them until all aranges are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to their newspapers from the offices to a their newspapers are sent to the former directive, and the spapers are sent to the former directives, and the spapers are sent to the former directives, they are hold responsible.

J. W. Claston, TTORNEY AT LAW, PANOLA, MISS.

removed his office to the room on the Star Office and Dr. Leiand's Store, on the west side of the Pub-sare, where he may be found at all unless professionally absent.

TTTORNEY ATLA W.

Dr. R. J. Young.

AVING Permanently located himself, tenders his Professional Series to the citizens of Panola and violation of the posite square, where he can always found, or at his boarding house (Laves tel) except when professionally engagnations.

Dr. S. P. Lemer. THE IS me services to the people this vicinity. (May be for more, when not professionally eng

FFERS his Professional services to the public generally. (3) Office at L. Railings' store, Panola. a'-17

Dental Card.

). J. BORDLEY, would respectful-

PAINTING. The Undersigned herein nely iseated in Funds, other

1. VACCARD & CO

My Melter

With what reverence and admiration do I think of my mother? I remember her as the first object of affection that I know on eacth. The image of her then youthful face and slender womanis form was then indellibly stamped upon the tablet of my infant mind, and wrought into all the elements of my moral being. I have a recolumy moral being. I have a recolmy moral being. I have a recol-lection of her appearance at dif-femat periods, as sickness, care, advance in years and life's trials left their sad traces upon that face of love. But none of these im-pressions are so inseparable from liret gense of existence as the face of the youthful, hopeful, loving mother, as the lavished her cares-des upon us, her first born her idol ton.

Now that the face is furrowed, and that form is bowed with age. More than "three-score years and ten," have left their sail traces there, but still she lives the hon-ored wife, and more than honored mother of her numerous train-feeble in health, but still mistres-

foeble in health, but still mistress
of her house, and a ministering
angel around every couch of pain
in the vicinity of her dwelling:

More than half a hundred years
have fled with me since she first
pressed me to her youthful bosom,
and bathed my tender brow with
a mother's virgin tears. I remember her early lessons of virtue and
truth—her careful watching over
all my inclinations—her happy
look when I was good and true;
and the tear of sorrow, balt conall my inclinations—her happy look when I was good and true; and the tear of sorrow, ball concealed by turning her face away, when I was disobadient or in ill temper. Oh, how strange it seems to me now that I could ever have offended so good a being as my dear mother. Was I not her constant care? Did she not toil unsmittingly for me through ten thousand things that I was better able to do myself? Oh, it is wonderful—such unselfish care—such patience—such love? They now fill my heart with admiration,—But they did not cease when I became a man and left the dear old home. No, but ever since, when I have turned my steps thither to pay my filial duty—nay to bless myself by a brief visit, then that same kind voice, now tramulous with age, greats with a motherly welcome, and calls me "child," as when I looked to her for bread With the same strange thoughtfulness will abs look over my garments to see if there is not a rent to repair, or a button to replace; and after I have gone to my slumbers, comes carefully into my room to tuck the clothes about my per son, and make sure that all is well with her we child," for the night. son, and make sure that all is well with her " child" for the night.

with her "child" for the night.

Oh, my mother! how much I one to thee for what little of virtue, or reverence for right, or desire for truth, or trust in God. I have been enabled to pessess and enjoy is my checkered life. Nay how much, I am indebted to thee for my noblest views of God, for my despect faith, for my houest trust, for my most disinterested love, for my richest experience.—But oh, how little have I done in meturn for the! These lines, as I write them, are blotted with tears of penitential sorrow, that I wald so little regard my obligations of gratitude to thee, thou miracle of love! But I will cherish thee now in fillial duty. My hand shall lead they along the narrow path of age, and gently pens thee to thy rust in the grave, and plant there the sprig of cassia to bloom over thy houseal dust.

"Orient Procis at Readon Strang-

Who will not agree with no that the following beautiful gener of poetry are worthy of the heading we have given them

The sun map warm the gross to life,
The dew drouging flower,
And error grow bright and want the light
Of Autumn's spening lower;
But words that breathe of tunderness.
And smiles we know we teme,
And warmer than the runner time,
And weeter than the dow.

It is not much the world con give,
With all jis subtile act:
And gold and geins are not the things
To estirfy the heart;
But, old if these who cluster round.
The alter and the hearth,
Give gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

DRAL GENTLE WITH THE LITTELE ORDS.—A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "somebody tad upon it, I suppose, when little:"

"He who cheeks a child with terror, "He who checks a child with terror,
Stope its play, and stills its acce.
Not more commits an error.
Hut a grievous moral wrong:
Give it play, and mover fear it.
Active lefe is no defect;
Never break its spirit;
Curb it only to direct.
Would, stop the flowing river,
Thinking it we ald coase to flow?
Onward must it flow forever.
Hetter teach it where to go."

The Eccentric Woman.

The Eccentric Woman,

The coemtric woman likes to make people stare, it is of little consequence to her whether they admire, or approve of her conduct. She astonishes them, gives them something to talk about, and she is content. Eccentricity is often combined with talent, but it is sellow found as the handmald of gentius. These them God endows with the last are the most natural of human belown. They are not seekers after the last are the most natural of human beings. They are not seekers after notoriety, and, therefore, come not under this han. The eccentric woman is often a dabbier in literature, one of the flutterers around the hase of Parnasses, who never rises to the pure empyrean in which the summit of the holy hill is bathed; never more than gain a glimpse of the surpassingly heautiful temple in which the gods of human intellect have erected their shrines for the world to come and how before.—But even this glimpse is something.—She has seen the light shining through the evil, if it has not fallen upon herself, and henceforth, in her own estimation, she is entitled to be an original as she pleases.

tion, she is entitled to be as original as she pleases.

I have heard of one such person, who would frequently go out wearing shoes of different colors, and when reminded of it, declared that her mind was so deeply occupied with matters of greater importance that she was oblivious of her outrechassers.

Another would find no time to keep her hair in order, because she fangled dishevelled locks were interesting—a

fatal dela

in the whole north and mental being —a kind of chilling, cold indifference, which the lightest unkindness on the part of the husband at once kindles into flame. It is difficult to account for this francitory condition; but there is much proof that a women loves twice. She loves the husband of has springr in the number her attachment ramples other sustenance than that of habit and association; it hungers for the spiritual element, because dreamy, and every worl of anger, even slight, every indication, every workings on the memory of the wife, and she becomes miserable without knowing wherefore. The husband then should become a lover again. lover again.

Comfort for the Discontented.

Comfort for the Discentented.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the languality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present interable state, we cannot usine the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial inquiry litte the pride, till nature, ill health, guilt, spicen, or particularity of behavior of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear solves.

This way of thinking is warranted by Shakapeare, in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposit and toprisoned debating a matter, which would soon determined by a common capacity, whether his prison or paisace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hasitation leaving the preference male-termined, in the following lines:

Sometimes I am a king, [gar. Then treason makes me wish myself a beg-And so indeed I am. Then crushing penury Persundes me I was better when a king, Then am I king'd again.

Prior says very prettily:

Prior says very prettily:

"Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our pleaty something still,
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossest
Corredes and leavens all the rest.
Vould soon create a future pain."

We will still further cheer the discontented reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by Dryden;
"Look round the habitable world how few Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears So well designed, so heatily begun But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!"

Ellen Bayne
Soft be thy slumber!
Rude cares depart!
Visions in numbers,
Cheer thy young heart!
Bream on, while bright h
And fond hopes remain,
Blooming, like smiling by
For thee Ellen Bayne.

Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I linger by thy side, Sweet Ellen Bayne,

The Pable of the Wandering Jew.

Te legend of a Jow ever wandering and never dyby, even from the crucifician of Jenns to this day, has pread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this. When Jenns was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to reat himself a little rear the gate he fees the house of a shewmark ramed Ahastocras. This man, however, prang forth and thrust him away. Jeans torned towards him, saying "I shall rest, But thou shall move on netil I retorn." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged increasably to wander about. Another version is that given by Mathins Pariscinsts, a monk of the thirteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatus to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaffins, pushed him from health with his feet saying. "Walk on Jesus, quickly why dost then tarry "Jeans backed at him gravely, and said." I walk on, but thou shall tarry till I came." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place in constant droad of the wrath to come. A third legendades that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recavers and renews his strength; house it is that even after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuary-marian. Thus for the legenda.

Not one of the ancient authors make even mention of such an account. The first who reports some such thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled to disgust pions fictions. However, the story has spread far, so that it has became a proverb—"He runs about like a wandering Jew." There are not wanting persons we assert to have even seen wandering Jew. But when their evidence is examined by the test of historical credibility, it is found that some luposter had made use of this fable to impose upon simple-minded people for some purpose of his own.—However, the legend is not altogether outres; there is a wandering Jew who roves there is a wandering Jew who roves there is a wandering bet were country. This important

An Apt Quotation.

An Apt Quotation.

The Lecompton (Kan.) Union of the 2d in inst. has a pleasant account of a visit recently paid by Acting Governor Stanton to the citizen of Lawrence. After partaking of the hospitalities kindly extended to him by Governor Robinson, he addressed, by request, a crowd of some five hundred Free State men, who did not hebitate to maifest disapprobation at such portions of the speech as did not accord with their peculiar political views. At the close of his macton's speech he pictured in glowing language the Indian tradition of Hispatian of the Press, "

this is the great and radical wrong of society, almost so prolific in not as.

"The frait of that forth idea to a farmid, Whose special tests brought footh as other And all one was." A STREET, LOSTING

How it Mappens.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under government, were scattered on the tavern porch, talking, when an old toper, named D.—, came up to them. Now, said Ib—is a person who is very loguations when "corned," but exactly opposite when tober. At the present time being tight; he said if the company had no objections he would toll them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgement he always depended. Now, it so happened one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making all necessary preparations, summoned

ing his nobles and making all necessary preparations, shummoned his philosopher and dimitiff would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nebles departed. While journeying along they met a country man mounted on a jackness; he selvised them to return, "for" said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously on him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles however, they had reason to regret not inving taken the rustic's silvice, as a heavy shower came up and they were dreached to the skin.

When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanced the philosopher severely for talling him that it would be clear when it was not. "I met a country seem said he, and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would not."

The king they gave the philosopher.

The king their gave the philosopher his walking papers, and coust for the countryman, who made his

for the countryman, who made his appearance.

"Tell ine, said the king, how you know it would rain." "I don't know, said the restently jackase told me." And down pasy did he tell you?" the king sates in astonishment. "By pricking up his ears, your majesty." The king now sent the countryman away, procuring the jackas he places him in the affice the philocopher had filled. And form observed D., looking wags wins herets where the king made a life to the philocopher had filled. And form observed D., looking wags wins herets where the king made a life to the philocopher had filled. And form observed D., looking wags wins herets where the king made a life to the philocopher had filled. And form